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This Issue in Miniature

CARMEL NEWS—Odds and ends of the week's happenings, which were few.

DIVERTISSEMENTS—A program of dance at the Golden Bough: Serge Oukrainsky and Willette Allen, this week-end; folk-music and dances of the aboriginal New Zealanders: Bathie Stuart in a Maori program, page four; May Festival at Sunset School, page two.

MUSIC—Richard Buhlig's interpretation of Bach, Brahms and Beethoven: a review of his Carmel recital, page five; the future of grand opera; a critical survey, page six; Henry Cowell back in Carmel; his New York activities, page seven; Charles Cooper's forthcoming recital; Hillsborough open-air concerts; Pacific Opera Company at San Francisco.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN'S unclipped "Paper Wings" carry him from Fiji to Carmel, with occasional incursions and excursions. ("It's the best stuff going," writes Bruce Rogers in this week's correspondence column.) Pages eight and nine.

INTERNATIONAL—Mabel Dodge Luhan writes of Mexico and its remarkable cultural advances; first-hand; informative; authoritative, page three.

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WILLETTE ALLEN

ASSISTING ARTIST IN TWO DANCE PROGRAMS TO BE PRESENTED AT STUDIO THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK-END BY MEMBERS OF THE PAVLEY-OUKRAINSKY BALLET, FEATURING THE INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN DANCER, SERGE OUKRAINSKY

Carmel News

THE FLOWER SHOW

Arrangements for the Flower Show on May first and second at the Court of the Golden Bough, which is given under the auspices of the Woman's Club, are now nearly completed.

The Committee announce that the special judge for the two rose contests will be Mrs. Charles C. Derby, of San Jose, Chairman of the 1931 Pacific Rose Conference, and past California state vice president of the American Rose Society.

The Flower Show will open at one o'clock on Friday, May first. The judging of the rose contests will take place between twelve and one o'clock the same morning, but the general public will not be admitted until one o'clock. The first day, May first, the Flower Show will be open from one o'clock until nine in the evening. On the second day Saturday, May second, the show will open at ten o'clock in the morning, and close at five that afternoon.

Those who have contributions of cut flowers and plants for the main body of the show are asked to bring them to the main entrance of the Court of the Golden Bough as soon after eight o'clock as possible, on the morning of Friday, May first. Mrs. Seideneck is anxious to have as many iris, delphinium, columbine, and roses as possible for the mass of decorations in the Court. The committee urge that any one who has fine blooms of these varieties bring them in early Friday. Also, much moss will be needed to cover and decorate containers and exhibits placed in the foreground. We would be glad to have donations of moss brought in at the same time.

All containers will be furnished, except the baskets for the May Basket Contest. The general public will be the judge for the Basket Contest, every one attending the show having the right to vote. The votes on the successful baskets will be counted at one o'clock on Saturday.

The registration for the Basket Contest will close on April twenty-fifth, so those who still wish to enter this competition, please send in your name by note or telephone to the flower show chairman, Box 1067, or Carmel 415.

No entrance admission will be charged to any part of the Flower Show, and we hope to have a good attendance from all parts of the Peninsula.

All baskets for the Basket Contests, and all roses for the two Rose Contests should be brought to the main entrance of the Court of the Golden Bough on Friday, May first, between nine and eleven-thiry o'clock, and will be checked in by members of the committee. Roses are to be judged at noon; contributions cannot be added after judging has started.

The Flower Show will close at five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and those who have donated plants, and special flowers that they want returned, are asked to come for their contributions after that time.

An immense amount of material is needed for the mass of background to obtain an effect. It is hoped that garden lovers of the Peninsula will co-operate generously in our effort to have a really beautiful Flower Show.—A. F.

MAY FESTIVAL

Contributed

Sunset School is again "welcoming the May" with an Old English May Festival to be presented at the school on the afternoon of Friday, May first. Although of a type similar to that given last year, the Festival tells another story of life in Merry England, and the majority of songs and dances are different. The costumes worn by the children are of the same period, but are even more attractive and colorful than those previously used. In other words, all those who were so impressed with the affair last May need not fear repetition, but rather they may attend the forthcoming presentation in anticipation of new delight.

One who observes the performance finds the spirit of the children irresistible, being carried, quite unawares, to a distant time when the recreation of the English Folk consisted of participation in wholesome frolic, dancing and singing, and when the countryside was alive with tales of the adventuresome Robinhood and his bold followers.

The setting for the May day Festival is none other than Sherwood Forest, and, as the Festival opens, we see bold Robin and his men matching strength on the green. Their pranks cease at the arrival of King Henry who, with his attendants, is bound for Nottingham Fair. When the King bids Robin to continue, he calls to his men for a hunting song. Then follows the merry making of the villagers who, by this time, have assembled on the green.

With the vigor and spontaneity of country folk, the children sing the charming old English songs, and dance with the zest of exuberant youth. The celebration continues with increasing enthusiasm, coming to a climax at the crowning of the May Queen, and closing with the delightful Maypole dance. Then the villagers depart, and the King continues on his Royal way.

BARTHOLOMEW-KENNEDY

Miss Jean Kennedy, daughter of Mrs. Clara French Kennedy of Carmel, and Mr. Philip Bartholomew, son of Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Bartholomew, of Lincoln, Nebraska, were married on April second at St. Bartholomew's Church, Brooklyn. Miss Nellie Andrews of San Francisco, and Mr. Robert Kerr, formerly of Berkeley, attended the couple.

Mrs. Bartholomew was a student at the University of California; the groom is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and was cadet colonel of the University R. O. T. C., during his senior year. He is now connected with the Grant Corporation in New York, where the couple will reside at 2040 Seventh Avenue.

COOPER RECITAL

Seat reservations for the recital of Charles Cooper, pianist, on the evening of Saturday, May ninth, may now be made by mail.

Address Miss Frances Baker, in care of the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough.

THE LOCAL OBSERVER

Contributed

With ordinary precautions and conservation there is no danger of a water famine in this vicinity because of a lack of rain-fall. There will, however, be a very present fire hazard in our nearby and far-off underbrush and forests. Be careful.

† †

A bright new American flag now adorns the local postoffice. Strangers seldom have trouble locating the postoffice. They look for Old Glory.

† †

The Thomas V. Cator funeral services at the Forest Theater, an impressive and solemn ceremony, recalls to my mind another similar service at that place—that of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison.

† †

All-night auto parking on the streets of Carmel is growing to be a serious menace, both to life and property. Accidents are narrowly averted and cars are often stolen.

† †

Frederick O'Brien's "confession of faith" as to his love for dogs is a tribute worthy to be placed alongside that splendid dog eulogy by the late Senator George Vest.

MEXICO, AN OPINION

By MABEL DODGE LUHAN

The barrier of fear that has existed between Mexico and the United States all through the misunderstood past is breaking down. Life as it was under the feudal system that lasted there since Cortez conquered it four hundred years ago, was probably dangerous and incalculable, also while the successive revolutions were going on that destroyed the Spanish regime it was undoubtedly uncertain.

But now it is less dangerous to live in Mexico than it is in Chicago or New York, and it is far more stimulating.

When Stokowski returned from his visit there this winter he said in a newspaper interview: "Mexico is at the peak of culture in the world today" There is going on among that race of Indians a renaissance in the arts and an educational movement that takes place in front of one's eyes, is evident everywhere and is only comparable to the Russian evolution, though with certain differences between them, as, for instance, in Russia they are trying to turn an agricultural country into an industrial one, whereas in Mexico they will continue to be agriculturists developing communally, and the Mexicans are nationally more artistic than the Russians and are producing very great painters and musicians like Diego de Rivera, Orozco, and Carlos Chavez, besides the countless young artists and musicians not yet heard from here, but that emerge by hundreds from the Open Air Schools and the Conservative of Music. In a country that is governed by Indians who are deeply aesthetic as well as extremely able officials, the arts have perfect freedom. Every Indian is somewhat of an artist. He feels and he is expressive.

Frank Tannenbaum has a convincing theory that there are never revolutions in industrial countries—and that revolution is the means of change in agricultural ones. One does not feel, in Mexico, that there will *not* be any more revolutions. The people will continue to function in that way as they have always done when they had to survive by some means. But what one does feel from the moment one crosses the Mexican border is the sense of security one has in any Indian pueblo in America, a kind of well being and a feeling of trust in the people. They are so genuine, the Mexicans, so spontaneous, so kind and courteous and all glowing with life.

But there is no red tape, no bureaucracy. The affairs of the day are handled as they come along and according to the demand of the moment. There is no sense of pressure or haste, no irritability in the air yet everything gets done and well done. There appears to be no confusion or disorder. The whole country is run with a harmonious cheerfulness that is perfectly delightful, never boring, and far more efficient in an essential way than our terrible mechanical efficiency. Before we went to Mexico nearly five months ago I thought we would find it uncomfortable, dirty, dangerous and lonely, for that is what one has heard of it. But I can say that although we traveled about a great deal and visited many small towns and villages, we never found beds without clean sheets, clean tiled floors newly scrubbed, and the food was good, plentiful, and varied. There were always fresh eggs to be had and delicious hard, crusty rolls, and always an abundance of fruit, milk and chickens. Then, of course, always *frijoles* One eats in fact, far better in a small

Continued on page fourteen

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Music and Theatre

OUKRAINSKY AND ALLEN AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Serge Oukrainsky and his group will dance two beautiful programs this week-end at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, the former Carmel Playhouse. A few of Saturday night's numbers will again be performed Sunday night, but in the main the second program will be new.

Willette Allen, Monterey Peninsula favorite, and formerly a pupil of Oukrainsky and a member of his touring company, will have three solo appearances on each of the two programs. Her program last summer with Allen Bier amazed even her warmest admirers, who will be glad of the opportunity to see her dance as assisting artist to her former master.

Serge Oukrainsky is one of the greatest dancers now living, as well as a composer of dances and ballets without a peer. After four years in Hollywood, where he has had charge of the huge spectacles and ballets staged in connection with motion pictures produced by the various studios, he is now returning to Paris, where he will direct the Ballet of the Opera next year, the most important post of its kind in Europe.

The programs to be danced Saturday and Sunday nights have been posted on the kiosk opposite the post-office, where tickets are being sold. Monterey Peninsula will enjoy a choreographic feast unequalled since the visit of Ruth St. Denis here many years ago. In addition to Oukrainsky and Willette Allen, there will be two picked members of the noted Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, and a pianist.

* * *

Serge Oukrainsky is a Russian who has become a naturalized citizen of the United States. A pupil of Ivan Clustine, ballet master of the Imperial School at Moscow, his first triumphs were in Paris, where he danced with the Lamourex Orchestra, the principal symphonic orchestra of Paris, under such famous composer-conductors as Paul Dukas, Maurice Ravel and Vincent D'Indy. Successful engagements in London were followed by new triumphs in Berlin, where Oukrainsky gave a command performance for the then Emperor of Germany.

Engaged by Cammanini to re-organize the Chicago Opera Ballet, Oukrainsky came to this country. Associated in his work with Andreas Pavley, the two formed the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, composed entirely of American boys and girls. This organization has occupied, for years, the first place among American ballets, and has made many successful tours through the East as well as through South America.

As a solo dancer Oukrainsky has had the most glowing tributes from the press. The latest praise, from the critics on the dailies of Los Angeles, especially Edwin Schallert on the "Times," indicates that the artist is in his very prime. Not only in technical virtuosity but as a tragic mime Oukrainsky has drawn highest praise from connoisseurs of the dance all over the world.

The Carmel engagement, a compliment to his former pupil, Willette Allen, will be one of the last performances of Oukrainsky in this country. An unusual advance sale presages a full attendance for both programs.

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SONGS AND DANCES OF THE MAORIS

A hundred years ago the Maoris in New Zealand were cannibals. Today they are among the most highly educated of the brown races. To understand their rapid progress, and their intelligent assimilation of Anglo-Saxon civilization, one must know something of their primitive culture, their gods of Tane and Tu, and their explanation of creation and the world in which they lived. It will be very interesting to hear Bathie Stuart, New Zealander, when she appears in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening, May second.

Dressed in Maori costume (richly-woven bodice and a dance skirt of dyed flax,) Bathie Stuart will tell of the folk-lore of the ancient Polynesians, illustrating her description with songs and dances of the tribes.

Adding to the interest of the evening, some fifty slides of New Zealand will be shown.

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RICHARD BUHLIG'S RECITAL

"I don't wish to appear ungracious but Beethoven's Sonata in C minor is the ultimate. What could I play after that?" Thus Buhlig responding to insistent demands for an encore at the conclusion of his recital at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday night. For five minutes an audience, captivated with Buhlig's playing, continued to recall him to the stage. His simple explanation, however, satisfied. Yes, anything after the Sonata would have been an anti-climax.

Buhlig's program, consisting of Bach's "Partita in E minor," Brahms' "4 Klavierstuecks, Opus 119" and Beethoven's "Sonata in C minor, Opus 111," was the most thoroughly satisfying pianoforte program I have heard. It was as though Brahms bridged the gap between Buhlig's intellectual treatment of Bach and his emotional handling of Beethoven.

The seven movements of Bach's "Partita," Buhlig played with flowing even rhythm giving what to me is pure interpretation of Bach's composition stripped of all superlatives. Possibly if he had played the "Partita" with a deeper emotional note Buhlig would have stirred his audience to a greater extent but I enjoyed the feeling of his cold analysis of this work. The three intermezzi of Brahms revealed each its individual mood with the Rhapsody in C Major as a grand climax. Buhlig exhibited a feeling for special piano effects which symbolises many of Brahms' compositions. The Intermezzo in B minor took the audience from the austerity of Bach. There was no rapid adjustment of mental emotional reactions which often spoils an otherwise balanced program.

From the C Major intermezzo and "'Rhapsody" of Brahms to Beethoven's "Maestoso," the opening movement of his last "Sonata," there was a natural step to "the ultimate"—power, infinity, a dynamic feeling of spiritual intensity wrapped up in that and the second movement, the "Arietta." After the final chord had been struck the audience remained silent, disinclined to move or applaud until the very last vibration had died away. Even then the spell of enchantment was on the audience.

Thoughout the whole evening Buhlig's personality was felt. A complete absence of the usual formal atmosphere prevailed and at once an intimate, friendly relationship was established between the artist and his listeners. A. F. K.

Following the concert Richard Buhlig left for Chicago to fill a concert engagement at Ravinia.

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IS THERE A FUTURE FOR GRAND OPERA?

Written for The Carmelite
By EDWARD LEVERNE ADDIS

(Mr. Addis is director of the violin department, Institute of Musical Education, Los Angeles. He studied under Joseph Borisoff, who in turn was a pupil of Pablo de Sarasate.)

Numerous articles on the future of Grand Opera are cropping up sporadically in our magazines, pointing disturbingly to the moribund condition in which Grand Opera is supposed to be. These stormy petrels are in most cases headed by Madam Galli-Curci or Mr. John McCormack and a number of lesser lights, counting among them an astonishingly small number of persons who are really well versed in the evolution of Grand Opera and the technique of things theatrical.

At the outset of this article I wish to state that I have the greatest faith in the continued life of Grand Opera, although I do not blind myself to the momentuous changes that will influence the nature of the entertainment provided for the people. In this I am by no means a prophet to look into the future by dint of the magic gift of foresight. I am merely comparing the development of Grand Opera in America with that of Europe.

In Europe the first phase of Grand Opera was purely Italian, beginning with Peri's "Dafne" and setting an example of sound workmanship in Monteverde's "Orfeo." France and Germany had an operatic movement but it amounted to little or nothing until the coming of the great Gluck, who (in probable emulation of Monteverde) chose "Orfoe and Eurydice" for the subject of one of his greatest operas.

Unfortunately, Gluck's doctrines aroused only a temporary interest in France after the masters departure, but the city of Vienna held aloft the banner of progressive music and thus the German style of Grand Opera was developed in contrast to the old Italian style, which at that time was all-powerful in Italy and France.

The romantic movement in Germany crowned Carl Maria von Weber king of Grand Opera and we sophisticated moderns whose ears are attuned to the daring harmonisations of Wagner and Rich. Strauss are nevertheless astonished to compare the scores of "Freischutz" or "Oberon" with some of the operas prior to Weber's coming.

The music of Meyerbeer tried once more to bridge the differences between German and Italian style, but the use of themes instead of melodies foreshadowed already the era of the greatest composer of dramatic opera of all times: Richard Wagner.

The years following the death of Wagner until our present day have produced enough operatic works to entertain the most fastidious of our art-lovers and there is no doubt in my mind that with better libretti Grand Opera will go on along the path of development and progress.

* * *

With the exception of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, American Opera has hardly advanced far enough to speak of it as being moribund. We of the West who are used to Italian opera companies who year after year follow the worn-out trail of the "Rig.-Trov.-Trav.-variety" with perhaps "La Boheme" thrown in for good measure and the inevitable "Carmen" and "Faust" as relief,—what do we know about Grand Opera in its present glory? Wagner has not arrived (with us) as yet, except for his "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," Massenet is known only by his "Manon," Saint-Saens, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky and Rich. Strauss are mere acquaintances from the concert-hall, but unfortunately, have no berth in our theatres.

Mme. Galli-Curci, John McCormack and others who have predicted the death of Grand Opera belong either to the old Italian school of coloratura or to the superannuated Song-School which has had its day and is now slowly giving way to the modern school of Grand Opera based on Wagnerian principles of orchestration.

"Der Rosenkavalier" by Richard Strauss, "Pelleas and Melisande" by Debussy and "Ariadne and Bluebeard" by Dukas are typical examples of this school. They are creations of superior workmanship, operas of superb music where the orchestra stands on a par with the singer, works of harmonic coloring written by composers who can wield a hundred piece orchestra like a single instrument. If we are sufficiently acquainted with these colossal monuments of genius we can scarcely imagine the musician who would wish to return to the tame qualities of sing-song opera with impossible libretti and numbered piece-music.

Even old Verdi tried his hand on an opera in the advanced Wagnerian style ("King Lear") but is said to have burned the score because he realised that beyond the easy-flowing melodies of his older works he had nothing new to impart. Yet he was musician enough to foresee the trend of the music-drama as

conceived by the genius of Wagner and his many followers.

It may be that the dire prophecies of our coloratura school will be visited upon such operas as "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," " Huguenots," "Lakme" etc., but they certainly can not apply to such master-works as Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen," Borodin's "Prince Igor," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Golden Cockerel" and "Sadko," R. Strauss' "Rosenkavalier" and "Salome," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Sinding's "Holy Mountain" and the stage-works of Debussy and Dukas.

Of our native art we may be proud of Deems Taylor's "King's Henchman," Hadley's "Azora," McCoy's "Egypt," Coerne's "Zenobia," and C. Loomis' "Yolanda of Cyprus."

After having been regaled for so many years with nothing but Italian opera, let us have at least fifty years of modern music-drama before we decide the question whether Grand Opera should go into the discard, as has been recently hinted at by some members of the old Lyric Singing School.

COWELL AND FOLK-MUSIC

Following on the heels of the Guggenheim award (The Carmelite, April second), Henry Cowell has been appointed director of music at the New School for Social Research, New York City. Prior to his departure for California—he was in Carmel on Monday—Henry Cowell arranged sixty bookings for the season of 1931-32, to be opened with a piano recital by Richard Buhlig. Intended as a review of national music, the season's presentations will include:

"Los Chorros" (Mexican).
Morenos Band (Cuban).
Sarat Lahiri and Lota (East Indian).
Princess Atalie (Amerind).
Chih Meng (Chinese).
Cosgroves' Piper's Band (Irish and Scotch).
George Vartanien Arabian).
Lazare Saminsky (Hebrew).
Soichi Ichikawa (Japanese).
S. Yokich (Jugoslav).
Hall Johnson's Negro Choir.
Boston Chamber Orchestra.
Pan-American Chamber Orchestra.
Doris Humphries Dance Group.
Martha Graham Dance Group.
Demonstration of new instruments by Thermin.
South Carolina "Hill Billies" in their music.
Margaret Dessoff's A Capella Choir.
Production of the ancient opera "Amphi Parnassa."

The concerts of native music of various countries of the world, authentically performed by native performers, offer a more comprehensive survey of the world's music in concert form than has ever before been attempted anywhere.

CALIFORNIA SINGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

With an enlarged group of resident artists and an augmented chorus, the Pacific Opera Compaany is giving its third annual season in the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco. The season continues until May second.

More than thirty young artists, all residents of California, have been assigned leading roles in the eight operas to be given.

This (Thursday) evening the company presents "Masked Ball"; Saturday matinee, April twenty-fifth, "Pagliacci" and Debussy's ballet, "La Boite a Joujoux"; Saturday evening, "Carmen"; Monday evening, April twenty-seventh, "La Gioconda"; Wednesday evening, April twenty-ninth, "Madam Butterfly"; Friday evening, May first, "Lucia"; Saturday matinee, May second, "Cavelleria Rusticana" and Debussy's ballet, "La Boite a Joujoux"; Saturday evening, May second, "La Gioconda."

Of special interest is the first presentation in the United States of the Debussy pantomime, "La Boite a Joujoux," a children's fantasy set to lovely music.

HILLSBOROUGH OPEN AIR CONCERTS

The sixth season of Sunday afternoon concerts in the Woodland Theatre at Hillsborough will begin June twenty-first and conclude August ninth.

Following the custom established in previous seasons, guest conductors will direct the orchestra of eighty-five, recruited from the personnel of the San Francisco Symphony.

Walter Damrosch will conduct the first two concerts, to be followed by Sir Hamilton Harty of London, Pierre Monteux, of Paris, and Dr. Arthur Rodzinski, of the Los Angeles Orchestra. A fifth guest conductor is yet to be secured.

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On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

CARMEL will in the not distant future be visited by thousands of motorists who now hardly know of the village's existence. The coast highway wants but forty miles of roadmaking to stretch from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Then, masses of folks on wheels will glimpse Carmel, and some will stay and grow up with it. Fortunately, the highway does not rush right through the village, so the fearful grind of cars day and night will be absent. But many new problems will arise, and will need shrewd and bold handling to avert the common curse of highway traffic. Carmel is so beautiful, so different from the ruck of California towns, vandals, promoters, speculators; and haters of the unique, the fair and unbusinesslike, will try to make Carmel into vulgarity and ordinariness. There will be a big fight on those points within two years. My own village is near ruined by hotdoggeries, bootleggations, talkie barns, flaring signs, dirty factories, and foul odors. Carmel must be on guard.

¶ ¶

CALIFORNIA has eleven thousand lawyers. Some are parasites on government, business and labor,—and many abettors of criminals. It happens that nearly all my friends are lawyers, as also my father, brother, I, too, have read the books. When my friends talk of the opposition counsel in their cases, they agree with my opinion. The closest friend I have is head of a law university. His real opinion of most lawyers is unprintable. The good ones are very good, and, in case of trouble consult one.

¶ ¶

DR. CHARLES MAYO, one of the greatest physicians and surgeons in the world, told me that big ideas spring from the brain before forty, and the brain is best at fifteen. Yet, we persist in being governed by old men, and letting our morals be fixed by old women. Wise guys, us!

¶ ¶

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a great man? Was he? Well, I think he was one of the greatest of his time, individual, simple, crafty, a marvelous politician, generous, and melancholy humorist. I think I would have loved him, and admired him. My godmother's mother was hanged for allegedly assassinating him. And, so, I was brought up to consider him an enemy. In those days godmothers were important. How come? Well, my family believed the Federal Union to be as virtuous as we believe the Kukluxers or bootleggers are, today. So, be tolerant. There are several pebbles on the beach upon which break the waves of life.

¶ ¶

HEIGHT is a habit, and so is the sea. I was coming back from Fiji, in the Tofua, with Captain Williams, and as passengers, Tom Buffum and Charley Curtis, among many others. One day I saw Tom Buffum, in his early twenties at most, on the loftiest part of the ship's mast.

"And why?" I said to the skipper, over a Dr. Funk.

"He's one of your bloody Americans," he replied. "Now, that's forbidden on this line, (the Union, of Auckland), but he was an aviator in the war, and he's got to go as high as he can every day or bust."

So, every now and then, men who love the sea must quit all ties, and sail away.

¶ ¶

OVER the radio, I omitted the pleasant Portuguese from the white races. It was a grave slip of the typewriter. But, I quickly realized what radioralists say: You may talk long and truthfully, and not know anyone heard you; but offend a race, religion, moral standard, or, even, misstate a fact, and you will know a hundred, at least, got a bad earful.

¶ ¶

SOME of the biggest fools have the wisest wives. Nature strikes a balance. But I've known four self-made men, worth more than fifty millions each, who married fools, and got to know it. And, to pay millions in alimony.

¶ ¶

No more negro spirituals; not for a long time, anyhow. I had heard Roland Hayes sing in Paris, and again in San Francisco. Then, a few weeks ago, I heard Paul Robeson in San Francisco, and a few days ago on the radio. Then I had been having "Water Boy" through a neighbor's open window every day for a week. I'm off negro spirituals. Once, I had decried Roland Hayes for singing in European languages, and not sticking solely to negro spirituals. Now I wish Robeson sang those Hayes things; anything but negro spirituals. If "Little David Plays On His Harp," or that damned "Water Boy" comes around the air, before summer, I'll break the strings and spill the water. As for "Old Man River," he can roll to sheol as far as I'm concerned, but out of hearing.

¶ ¶

SHAKESPEARE set the English language in a mold which we are now changing. *We* are economic forces, of course, not lexicographers or philologists. Hearing Hoover by radio, talking about the achievements of the Red Cross, I was struck by his improving variety of words. Thirteen years ago, when I was meeting him almost daily, and hearing him talk to his food administration cabinet of which I was, temporarily, a member, he was almost limited to engineering and financial patter, from his score of years in a business-mining groove. He was a wretched, though convincing, speaker. Today, on the air, he is not so convincing, but much less confined to his former lingo. He has learned to talk publicly very well, and with accents of sincerity. In our age, the machine from the cigarette lighter to the Zeppelin, and the recedence of agriculture as the controling factor of the majority of us, have mightily altered our pattern of words. Yet, Shakespeare was so all embracing in mind that hardly any permutation of our language, except by a cataclysm, will make his mold entirely obsolete for a long time. Some day, naturally, he will be as unintelligible as Chaucer is now. Maybe, by then humanity will be a brotherhood, the war flags shreds of memory, and poverty a tale long forgotten. Or, we shall be back in the Dark Ages.

¶ ¶

IN newspapers, lately, has been a dispute as to whether Emerson or Elbert Hubbard wrote a bromide about the world wearing a path to the house of the man who makes two potatoes grow where one did, or a single mousetrap catch two mice. I'm sure Hubbard never said an original thing, but this is true today: Let a man make and market a thing, say, a safety-razor blade, that is twice as good as any other, and the corporation making the worst blade will buy him out, and make the good blade as bad as its own. The essence of trade is obsolescence in gadgets, as I said before.

¶ ¶

CALIFORNIA politicians, yokels, want to make nine more state universities to "best" serve nine parts of the state. That would be splitting an infant, as well as an infinitive.

¶ ¶

WALL STREET bulls say prosperity is just around the corner; bears say it is still in the ground. Both are right. Just around the corner from Wall Street is St. Paul's graveyard.

¶ ¶

Do machines, like humans, revolt against the grind? Especially, when old and worn? The street on which I live is the steepest in my village. At dinner, last evening, I heard a fearful crash below. A laundry car, manless, had run down the hill, struck a tree and turned

over. It looked so still with its wheels in the air. Then, I saw it was an aged Ford, with that old stub snout. My lord, delivering laundry every day, for only gas and water! Any way out! But, today, the old car was back on the job.

¶ ¶

Much is said about censorship in America, puritan repression, etc. One may read three new books on these irritations: "Liberty in the Modern State," by Harold J. Laski; "This Land of Liberty," by Ernest Sutherland Bates; "What Rights Are Left?" by Henry Alan Johnston. I don't know about all this. When I wrote, "White Shadows in the South Seas," about a dozen years ago, publishers themselves were stern, afraid censors. Recently, we have, "The Well of Loneliness," and just now, "Twilight Men," by Andre Tellier, the latter dealing with a subject for which the great English author, Edward Carpenter was expelled from university and society, and Havelock Ellis was tabooed. These are only books, but also there are now "talkies," plays, magazines and tabloids. Personally, I wouldn't censor anything, but I would educate youth to know and to select the decent and the beautiful from smut, slush and rot. But, as a matter of fact, only in economics, in things affecting government, capitalism, militarism, is there any real, jailing, deporting censorship in America. Sex, after all, is second to money among us dry folks.

¶ ¶

IN "Around the World in Eighty Days," the comic relief, Passepartout, by forgetfulness, left the gas burning in Phileas Fogg's apartment in London, at his departure for his incredible journey. That stretched no belief, for in London one might leave anything on for several months, and no-one would snoop to find out if or why. But in my village, when my tenant left without paying the gas, electricity, telephone, garbage, clothes cleaning, and other bills, I found it no laughing matter. I recommend the New York slot system. Once in a two-room apartment on Forty-seventh street, for which I paid two hundred dollars a month in advance, my dinner went blooey because I had no quarter for the gas slot. I realized why when I saw a sign on the next building, "Boarding House for Dramatic People."

¶ ¶

IN the newspapers, one sees many photographs of society women, young and middle aged, in the attitude of driving a golf ball,—feet twisted like a farmyard duck, shoulder wrenched about, face set in half-agony and half-loconess, and a general air of awkwardness, and pose. Not a bit more graceful or attractive than a mother, her hand lifted, her face red with duty, her kid on her lap, and her soul saying: "It hurts me more than it does you!" What price fashion!

¶ ¶

"I'M ON the water-wagon," said very firmly.

"Yeah? Since when?"

"This morning and I mean it. I'm off the damstuff for three months."

"That's fine. Now, you'll write your epic."

Is this a rare conversation? No, except for the epic it is common. What a creature is man! Unable to enjoy nature's gifts without hurt. But, they say memories are metal ions deposited on the rear brain by the senses. Soon, the water-wagon image becomes blurry, that particular metal ion becomes rusty. It ceases to flash when John Barleycorn suggests a truce to good intention. A little while, and only an aching head, an aggrieved better half, a vision of death over the cliff, summons into association the wagon-d' eau. Again—but why bring that up?

¶ ¶

THE ablest equalitarians are the Woolworths and Kresges. For ten cents a jar I enjoy caviar. Once it was for the rich only. The label says to sauce it with chopped onions and lemon. Now, if only a drymartini was jarred like that!

¶ ¶

THE "Crock of Gold" is to be in Carmel. Mrs. Mayflo Ryan, of Dublin, Ireland, has fallen in love with the fairest village in California, and after embarking in art affairs in San Francisco recently, has made up her mind that only Carmel will please her. She will move to Carmel her "Crock of Gold," —Irish arts, crafts, antiques, rare books, now at 683 Sutter street, San Francisco. But one barrier intervenes. She seeks a shop location, and three-room cottage, and has not found them. Mrs. Ryan is a sister of the eminent physician and Irish senator, Oliver St. John Gogarty, of Dublin, said to be the most entertaining and wisest of his Celtic generation.

Correspondence

BOOK-MARKERS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

We need someone to curb a certain pest who persists in taking unwarranted liberties with library books. It doesn't matter what one does with one's own books, but it seems a pity for any one to feel the right to fill library books with notations and to underscore whole pages in ink. Why must such a person be tolerated? What kind of an ego is it that imagines other people will enjoy the insertion of his own personality in a book which is read for the personality of the author? Does he not realize that if he admitted who he was he would be subject to the scorn and disgust of less selfish and more intelligent readers? If he does not, why won't he own up, and take the consequences? After all, it seems a queer type of mentality that enjoys disgusting other people.—S. L. H.

"ON PAPER WINGS"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Pray do not allow any Meddlesome Matties to clip the O'Brien Paper Wings. It's the best stuff going and with a little maneuvering should bring you a national circulation and renown. Should cause a veracious school of critical inquiry. Recently struck with the whip-lash accuracy of a paragraph I turned back and examined a hundred or more for flaws. Not a line of hooey in a car-load!

BRUCE ROGERS

Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Three Poems

I

"Love is a gesture
Adding flair to the tired routine
of living."
But once
(As we knelt over the new-lit fire
together)
I called it
The breath that blows smoking
wood into flame.

II

Trees that stand motionless are
merely trees,
But I envy them in a wind.
Tossed and shaken
At last they give themselves
completely to the storm
And in the stress of it gain
infinite character.

Somehow to watch them helps you
understand
The other side of morals . . .

III

Beginnings and endings alone are
significant:
They are knots in the long thread
of experience,
Created when a finality twists itself
into the start of something new.

—MAXINE ABBOTT CUSHING

Art

THE SAN FRANCISCO "ANNUAL"

The fifty-third annual exhibit of the San Francisco Art Association will be held from April twenty-fifth to May thirty-first at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, occupying the entire north wing of eight galleries. There will be an invitational preview Saturday, April twenty-fifth, for the artists and their friends; the public opening has been set for the following day.

Spencer Macky, director of the association, expresses confidence that this year's show will exceed in scope and importance any of its predecessors. Selections have been made by the jury from the work of Eastern, Southern, and Southwestern artists as well as from the many California painters and sculptors. The standard of work is well above the average, according to Mr. Macky, the selections embracing both the modern and conservative trends. He has concluded that American artists are establishing a normal course, free of excess modernity. "We find little that is imitative, and much that is both admirable and new."

The jury's task was made more than ordinarily difficult by the increased number of contenders who submitted oils, water colors, pastels, lithographs, sculpture and wood carvings. The four hundred outstanding entries were chosen by Ray Boynton, Lee Randolph, Rinaldo Cuneo, Ralph Stackpole, John Emmett Gerrity and Nelson Poole, with the assistance of Lucian Labaudt and Ruth Cravath, who served as alternate jurymen.

Work of the following artists, among others, passed the committee's inspection and is now being hung in the exhibition: Ray Boynton, Amy Flemming, William Ritschel, John O'Shea, Henrietta Shore, Stanley Wood, Maxine Albro, Lucretia Van Horn, Frank Van Sloun, Maynard Dixon, Constance Macky, Kenneth Adams, Josef Bakos, Arnold Blanch, Lucille Blanch, Margaret Bruton, H. O. Albright, Stanley Wendt, Eugen Neuhaus, Gottardo Piazzoni, Nelson Poole, Lee Randolph, Geneve Rixford Sargeant Lucian Labaudt, John Stump, Edward de Witt Taylor and Charles Rosen.

Also Edward Hopper, John Carroll, Kenneth Miller, Allen Tucker, Edward Bruce, Helen Forbes, George Luks, Marian Simpson, Ernest Feine, Ross Moffitt, Adeline Kent, Millard Sheets, Gene Gloss James Chapin, Georgia Kiltgaard, Ruth Miller, Bernard Karfoil, Alexander Brook, Glen Coleman, Hermon More, Charles Burchfield, Katharine Schmidt, Miles Spencer, Homer Levinson, Boris Deutsch, Dorothy Duncan, Charles Fortune, John Garth, John Gerrity, Robert Gilbert, Niles Gren, Everett Jackson, Raymond Johnson, Henry Billings, Harry Gottlieb, Reginald Marsh, William Glackens and John Sloan.

HOWARD EXHIBIT

The John O'Shea exhibit of paintings which has been showing at the Denny-Watrous Gallery for the last month closes Saturday evening.

Opening on Tuesday, April twenty-eighth, is an exhibit, the work of John Langley Howard. Mr. Howard's exhibit of oils, water-colors, and drawings, which has been showing at the Galerie Beaux Arts in San Francisco for the last several weeks, has brought him to the attention of the serious painters of the state, and drawn much comment from the press. It is this exhibit which will be placed in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

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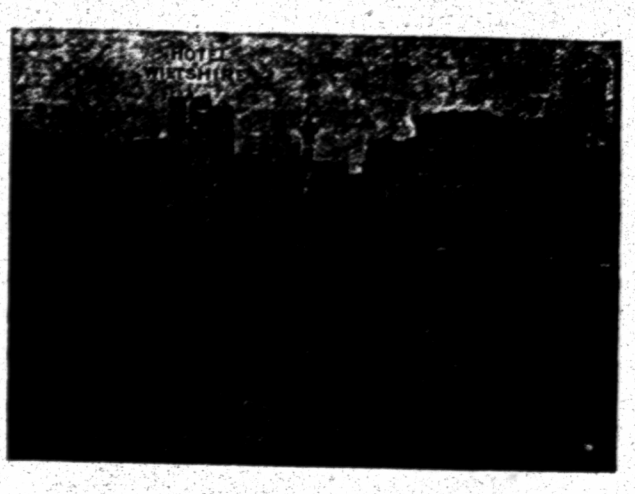

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KINO BAY

Business Interviews With Prominent Americans.—Chico Romero, Chief of the Seris, Kino Bay.

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

I found Chico Romero, Chief of the Seri Indians, sitting on the beach.

"I'd invite you into the house," he said, "only I have none."

"No house?" I said.

"No," he said. "In the first place, when you have no house you don't have to build it and in the second, if it isn't there, you don't have to sweep it, it can't get robbed, it doesn't cost anything and when you go away you have nothing to worry about."

"I never thought of that," I said. "How do you find business?"

"Never better," he said. "We catch a fish in the morning and eat in the afternoon."

"What about money?"

He appeared mystified.

"What use has a fish for money?" he asked.

"Then you have no depression."

He looked along the beach and pointed out some indentations.

"Sure," he said. "Two. I sleep in one. My wife in the other."

"What do you think of Mussolini?"

"I don't like 'em," he said. "Personally I prefer shrimps."

"What," I asked him, "is your idea of the Russian five-year program?"

"It's too long," he said. "A couple of days is long enough to listen to any radio in the world."

"And how do you feel about the tariff?"

"Tariff what? Tariff your boat leaks is all right—if that's what you mean?"

"What is your feeling about the banking system?"

"It's all right for reservoirs," he said. "But it's too much work."

"You have no bread lines at Kino Bay?"

"Only fish lines," he said.

"And have you any unemployment?"

"All there is, thank God," he said. "And if we knew where to find any more, we'd go out and get it. Anything else?"

I shook my head and left. Personally, while I am sure many other great leaders of modern thought will disagree with Chico, I myself cannot but feel that the Seris have avoided, even if they have not solved, many major problems of modern civilization.

MISCAST

Frank Sheridan sends from Hollywood what he calls a "swift one" on the executive end of pictures.

The producer, supervisor, casting director were in mental agony trying to think of a pair of suitable parents for Leila Hyams in her next picture. Leila being a rather important asset to the company, the "Front Office" were mighty particular in selecting a perfect cast.

The director happened along and was asked what he thought about the parent question. He said, "Why the very two are right here and mighty fine actors. How would those two over there do?" pointing to a bright looking couple who were chatting with Leila and the camera-man a few yards away. The pair were sized up and judgment rendered with "Not a bit like it."

Mister director gasped, then gulped a couple of times before he was able to splutter: "Well, I'll be damned! Not a bit like it, eh! Why, blank blank and blank blank that's Leila MacIntyre and Johnny Hyams, young Leila's own father and mother."

RESCUE

Creating a situation unusual in theatrical history, Pasadena Community Playhouse Association yesterday undertook to make good more than twenty-four hundred season subscription tickets of the Civic Repertory Theatre Association of Los Angeles.

The Civic Repertory Association had recently announced a premature closing of its season, tickets for which called for the presentation of five more plays. Under an arrangement completed yesterday, through which the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association will receive no compensation, the latter will honor the subscription tickets of the Civic Repertory Association, to five productions at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, beginning with the production of "Death Takes a Holiday," by Walter Ferris, which, starring Ian Maclaren and Marion Clayton, will be presented at the Community Playhouse from April thirtieth to May ninth.

ERRATA

Lesser journals, including The Carmelite, have no monopoly on typographic slips. "Time" in a recent cover caption omitted the final "n" in Walter Lippmann's name; the august (not a slip) "Atlantic Monthly" this month dropped an "s" from the name of Lincoln Steffens; the usually letter-perfect "San Franciscan" refers to Frederick Obrien.

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Books

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS"

A Review of Reviews, with Comment
By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

"Seeing is one motion; believing is another. As I see my own country last, after seeing the rest of the world, I think I believe what I have been seeing all my life and telling over and over in this my biography. I have been contending, with all my kind, always against God. He had plans, too. All countries, all life, all being —are chapters in His book of revelations. The United States is making an experiment second in hopefulness only to Russia, a revelation of evolution as against revolution. Revolution has the advantage in that it clears the ground. It swept away in Russia one detected cause of what we call evil; it opened the door to such human intelligence as a few thoughtful, individuals had developed, to lay out consciously and carry through ruthlessly a plan so as to arrange the conditions of social living and so to adjust the forces of economic life that not the cunning, grasping possessors of things but the generous, industrious producers and the brave, imaginative leaders of the race shall be the fit to survive. Russia is the land of conscious, wilful hope.

"But the United States of America, which the Russians recognize as their chief rival, is, however unconsciously, moving with mighty momentum on a course which seems not unlikely to carry our managing, investing, ruling masters of industry, politics, and art —by our blind method of trial and error—in the opposite direction around the world to the very same meeting-place, as they, some of them, are beginning to see and say. Our poets and muckrakers might well watch what they do, and sing or prattle the message of their acts.

"* * * And as for the world in general, all that was or is or ever will be wrong with that is my—our thinking about it."

The above is the summing up of his philosophy and opinion of things in general, by Lincoln Steffens, in, "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," now in bookstores. After sixty-five years of life and a wide experience in America and Europe, after writing a number of books and countless articles, after editing magazines and newspapers, known intimately innumerable notables, statesmen, politicians, bosses, crooks and several Presidents of the United States; after marrying two wives, and first becoming aware of being a sire, at sixty, Steffens has set down leisurely, thoughtfully, without prejudice, or intent aught than to present his mature, present ideas of men and matters that affect social being, a digest of his decades and reactions.

Already, the book has been reviewed in the leading journals of the East, and praised as the best of its kind in years. The "Nation," in a long and penetrating review, says:

"There should be another name for this rare sort of book: the word "autobiography" is misleading. To be sure, Lincoln Steffens has told here the story of his own life—a part of it, at any rate; but, like Mill and Tolstoy and Henry Adams, he has mainly done something else, and that a more fruitful thing than most self-portraitists succeed in doing. He has written the psychological history and, so to say, the extended epitaph of a whole generation, a whole social movement, a whole class. There is something cartographic about such a book. One reads it with a sense of getting one's bearings in a half-familiar territory for the first time: unrelated by-paths and gullies and hillocks gradually arrange themselves in an intelligible pattern, north becomes unmistakably north, and south south. One stands in a somewhat clearer relation than ever before to one's immediate predecessors, and everyone knows the exhilarating effects of such a change. A book like this is, intellectually, a great economy: it enables generations, as if they were developing individuals, to accumulate experience, to profit even by abortive experiments, to avoid the mere marking of time, and to push on into new realms.

Mr. Steffens's autobiography, to be specific, is the obituary of American reformism, progressivism, liberalism; it is at once the story of and the verdict upon the whole first phase of the movement in this country against privilege, inequality, individualism —the phase that found its characteristic expression in middle-class "social work," in muckraking, in trust-busting, and in reform legislation.

"What all this implies is what makes his autobiography so absorbing a document—a wonderful intellectual plasticity against a background of intellectual integrity, an exceptional union of social imagination with per-

sonal intuitiveness. One thinks of the type reformer, of his inflexible commitment to a formula, his indifference to individuals, his dyspeptic zeal: how little of all this there is in Lincoln Steffens! So little that if his book had no other value it would have the richest interest just pictorially or just dramatically, as reminiscense, as narrative.

"It suggests how the transition can be made from a plastic liberalism to a resourceful and humane radicalism. It suggests how social movements can be given a personal and psychological as well as a collective aspect. It demonstrates, indirectly, the shabbiness of our fashionable cynicism. It is a source book for the critic, for the radical, for the man of action. But it is certainly not merely an 'autobiography.'"

Thomas Beer, author of "The Mauve Decade," in the New York "Herald-Tribune," in the course of his eulogistic review, says:

"It was well said by W. C. Brownell that nearly all Americans who undertake to write their own memories do it abominably. Mr. Steffens happens to be a cheering exception. This seems to me the best native biography since Mr. Howe's 'Confessions of a Reformer,' a book now five years old. It is a very good, lucid and unstuffed account of an American journalist, engagingly written in a manner which people who remember Steffens only in his period of dolorous excitement over shameless cities and grasping bosses will not expect. Here and there, I suppose, reviewers and readers born since 1900 will wonder if Mr. Steffens is not exaggerating his own proportions in the 'muckraking' period. I am unable to find anywhere in the two long volumes an actually immodest sentence. This man was at a certain time, perhaps the most important figure in superior American journalism.

"He developed a technique in interviewing which remains fabulous—he doesn't discuss it. It used to be said that he hypnotized people into making indiscreet confessions. The use of his glasses was supposed to be part of his performance. I know it to be true that one political worthy of Washington in Roosevelt's time sat looking away from Mr. Steffens throughout a casual talk in a friend's house for fear the muckraker would 'get him started talking.' But the magic of the Steffens's reporting, if one looks it through, is not a complex thing. He failed to bore.

"Mr. Steffens on Mr. Steffens is often more amusing than Mr. Steffens on society. He tours his past without melancholy and in a handsome shrewdness. He has changed a great deal and knows it, although he remains an optimist of the less romantic sort.

"His doctrine of these days is the one to which most thinking people, at least, listen civilly—the destruction of the unnecessary elements in the financial structure of the human state.

"* * * But this one man's earlier life, his childhood and his boyhood, happen to be the great attraction of the autobiography. Society, after all, is still made up of human beings. If any one of them has lately talked with more pleasantness about himself as a young human being I have missed the record. Mr. Steffens as a grown man may annoy you, if you are rich in what are called 'convictions,' but the ungrown Lincoln Steffens cannot annoy you. If you must read one end or another of a book in the shop, glance at the second chapter of the first volume and you are rather likely to take the thing home with you. The aim of this short and dull review is, very simply, to advertise Mr. Steffens as a delightful writer on himself whether you like Mr. Steffens the social optimist or not. At all events, here is something worth reading again."

You will find, thus, that Steffens is an optimist. He believes that our country, these magnificent and bewildering United States, is slowly but surely revolving towards a destiny of co-operation of government and individual for social well-being, and, perhaps, is going as fast in that direction as Russia, with its revolutionary methods,—as fast, that is, considering the ultimate goal of the welfare of the masses and the minority, of all the Americans.

This belief, and with it a singular sense of tolerance and patience, of understanding of human nature, and an ironical refusal to blame anyone in particular, are explicit in the final chapters of this most interesting book. You must read it yourself.

I saw its beginnings as a written book, when I lived in Alassio, Italy, six years ago, and listened now and then to Steffens' reading to his wife and to me excerpts from the opening pages.

The Autobiography is Steffens more than is any autobiography I know. It will give readers now, and for some time, a strong light on the passions and fears of men who ruled our nation for the last generation, and also, a vivid picture of American life among all sorts of people.

* * *

Among the prominent Americans in Steffens' unique volumes is Edward A. Filene, of Boston, one of the extraordinary merchants of this country who has made economic and social history by his management of his own business, and by his attitude towards labor and politics. You will find much about him in the second volume of the Autobiography, beginning on page 598. The following letter shows Filene's sense of the importance of Steffens' career as affecting, to a degree, a period of American history:

Ritz-Carlton Hotel
New York

My dear Mr. O'Brien,

On April 27th, at seven o'clock, I am giving a dinner in honor of my good friend, Lincoln Steffens, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, and inviting to this dinner a number of the men and women who are important actors in his autobiography recently issued and who, in a sense, have helped to make the colorful era in which Lincoln Steffens and you have lived.

Because you are one of these individuals and because the party would not be complete without you, I very much hope that you will be present on this occasion which promises to be a most memorable one.

May I not count on your acceptance?

Very sincerely

EDWARD A. FILENE.

Is it not good for us that Steffens is a Carmelan, and that soon we shall have this worthy citizen and neighbor back with us, and be able to tell him ourselves how much we enjoyed his remarkable record? Probably, old Homer, in his wanderings, returned to his own home town one day, and got a bigger kick out of his village folks' approbation than from the seven cities which claimed him when dead.

The AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of* LINCOLN STEFFENS
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Train Departures (Monterey)—

6:33 a.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

9:05 a.m., for San Jose, San Fran.

10:11 a.m., for Los Angeles, way Change at Watsonville Jct. for L.A.

10:11, for San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and L. A.

1:20 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran. Change San Jose for Oakland.

4:07 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

6:53 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

8:25 p.m., for Santa Barbara-L. A. Through Pullman.

For more detailed information, telephone Southern Pacific, Monterey 139.
C. M. VANCE, Agent.

Motor Bus Services from Monterey—

To Salinas, San Jose, San Francisco, Oakland and int. points: 8:15, 11 a.m.; 1:05, 4:00, 6:20, 6:50 p.m.

To Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and int. points, 8:15, 11 a.m.; 4, 6:20 p.m.

San Francisco *via* Santa Cruz-Watsonville, 1:05 p.m.

Watsonville-Santa Cruz, 6:30 a.m., 1:05 p.m., 6:50 p.m.

Merced, Fresno, Yosemite, San Joaquin Valley, 8:15 a.m.

Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, 8:15, 11 a.m., 1:05, 4:00, 6:20 p.m.

Daily schedules east *via* S. F. or L. A.

Pacific Greyhound Lines, Inc., Geo. C. Cowart, Agent. Tel. Carmel 9964 or Monterey 1021.

FROM CARMEL. The Triangle Taxi Transit Company will connect you with any train or stage. Just telephone Carmel 9964 thirty minutes before time train or stage departure. Our low rate for this special service is as follows: One or two persons, $1.00; each additional person, 50c. *No charge for hand baggage.*)

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Mexican village than in a village of the same size in the United States.

As for danger! The people are too kind and polite and happy to be dangerous. We never once saw a brawl or a fight, never heard any angry raised voices, or were confronted with the hard-boiled countenances of our streets.

The traffic cops at every crossing where there is any traffic seem to realize they are there to help people! They never get angry or raise their voices as is so frequently the case in our eastern states, a mere finger is raised if a mistake is made and the matter is explained in grave pleasant tones. Of course there is a nationwide spirit of co-operation throughout Mexico. No one tries to get ahead of the fellow ahead in an exhibitionistic impulse. There is a kind of natural equality and incompetitive good-heartedness. One day last winter they had a great parade of all the policemen and in the evening their ball, so they took the high school boys out of school for that day to replace the traffic police. All one afternoon they rehearsed them, the slight, dark skinned doys stood on the boxes at the intersections, with the traffic man at his elbow instructing him. I thought there would be all sorts of chaotic mixups in that crowded city the day the police were off duty, that people wouldn't heed the timid, inexperienced gestures of the fourteen and fifteen year old children. But not at all. Perfect order—and instead of taking advantage of them in a rush of speed or hurry, everyone cooperated and worked with them to make it easy and orderly. That is a typical instance of the Mexican spirit.

There is of course plenty of wine and beer to be had everywhere, and *pulque* and *tequila*, but we never saw any drunkenness except occasionally on market day in some village or town where the Indians gather to sell their products to each other, their fruit and fowls and vegetables, and the beautiful pottery, baskets, serapes, glass and leather things that are in common use, that they make for each other with infinite care and charm and sell for minute sums.

Everything the Indians use in Mexico is made by hand and for common use. There is, as yet, no tourist trade. But now that our government and theirs is apparently bent upon friendship and a better understanding, soon there will be a bloodless invasion of Mexico and our people will go swarming down the beautiful highways that are being built, like a swarm of locusts. We are hungry for something that exists in people like these Mexican Indians. Something glowing and tender and very creative. Of late this hunger has been increasing in us as our environment has become more mechanised. The hordes that have descended upon our Southwest in the last ten years have pretty well devoured what they found there of beauty. They have penetrated into the Indian pueblos in their loud, friendly way and the people have turned from their occupations in the fields into making souvenirs to sell to tourists. These barbarian thousands have really just about eaten up the life in these villages, so the pastoral charm and gravity of the old life has been destroyed, wiped out by the hunger for it that drove the motor-cars into the fruit plazas to seize upon the living fruit. Looted of beauty now or nearly so, the tourists will turn in their craving to seek new lands and Mexico lies near. But it is a vast country. Where we have only a few hundred Indians in their scattered pueblos, Mexico is like one huge pueblo all over. The same beauty spreads over the whole land that we have seen concentrated here in a small village, the same gravity and sensitive living, the dignity and grace of spirit. There are outposts of culture in Mexico that will never be invaded. Even though we seize upon and exploit Mexican life and culture, I think that land will be safe from us by virtue of its size and the number of its population. The quiet people dressed in their white cotton clothes and big sombreros will possess themselves intact.

Another hopeful idea of Frank Tannenbaum's about this is that we can never catch up with the Indo-Latin renaissance, for Mexico is only the first one we have seen who has awakened socially, and that she is just the first, the example, and that one after another the southern countries will follow her example, will become fired, and each will burst forth in a beautiful renaissance of its own new and living values.

Mexico is wonderful. There is no self-conciousness in the people. No suspicion of evil. In a Mexican train no one eyes his neighbor coldly in the sly unfriendly way we Americans do to size each other up, and try to "place" each other. Everyone talks to everyone else. There is no loneliness. A woman can travel from end to end in Mexico and all the Mexican women will try to help her along in any way they can.

There is a feeling of hopefulness in the air that seems like the breath of life

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wherever one goes. Everywhere a living spirit that is the new emanation of the people who have saved themselves alive. In the last four or five years there have been over eight thousand rural schools opened at the demand of the *peons*, a demand that comes from their hearts since the pressure was removed, and that is spreading like a forest fire from state to state and from village to village.

They have schools now in communities too poor to have desks and chairs, too poor to have the tools to make them, and where the children sit in a circle on the ground around the native teacher as one sees it in Rivera's frescoes, usually a teacher who has managed to reach the Teacher's School in Mexico City and has returned to pass on what she has learned there.

The Mexicans have always been religious, artistic and religious, but the symbols of their religion today are land and liberty, words one sees everywhere, and are sacred words in Meixco.

Well, as Fremont Older says, "Land is Liberty," and if the agrarian revolution was not completely successful, if the agrarian laws do not function perfectly the time will come when the land problem will be further worked out, for the whole nation is moving towards a destiny that one *knows* is more ideal and nearer to the higher laws of being than ours or than any in Europe. There is more hope for the future of Mexico than there is for the future of America unless we change our direction, and in the great, invisible race of nationalities towards a mature humanity Mexico is in the lead.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Probation after Death" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, next, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. I will be as the dew unto Isreal: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them" (Hos. 14:1, 5, 6, 9).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "God requires perfection, but not until the battle between Spirit . . . . Imperfect mortals grasp the ultimate of spiritual perfection slowly; but to begin aright and to continue the strife of demonstrating the great problem of being is doing mush" (p. 254).

LEGAL NOTIFICATION

ORDINANCE NO. 110

AN ORDINANCE APPROVING THE APPLICATION OF FRED LEIDIG, FOR A PERMIT TO ERECT AND MAINTAIN AN AUTOMOBILE GARAGE, ETC., ON LOTS 20 and 22 IN BLOCK 77 AS PER "MAP OF CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA"

WHEREAS, it satisfactorily appears to the Council of the City of Carmel-By-The-Sea that the consent in writing of at least two-thirds (2-3) of the record owners of the real property situate within a radius of four hundred (400) feet from the exterior boundaries of the lots and lands hereinafter described, has been obtained and filed in the office of the city clerk of said city, consenting to the erection and maintenance of an automobile garage, salesroom, gasoline, oil and service station on Lots 20 and 22 in Block 77, as per "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California" on file in the office of the county recorder of said county and state, which lands are situate in the business district as the same is established and described in Ordinance No. 96 of said city, duly adopted on June 5, 1929 and by the Building Zone map of said city, duly adopted by said ordinance, NOW, THEREFORE:

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1: That the application of Fred Leidig, addressed to the said council, petitioning the granting of a permit to said applicant for the purpose of erecting and maintaining an automobile garage, salesroom and gasoline and oil service station on Lots 20 and 22 in Block 77, as described and delineated on said "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California" be and the same is hereby approved, and it is hereby ordered that a building permit be issued accordingly.

SECTION 2: That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force thirty (30) days from and after its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 15th day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg.
NOES: COUNCILMAN: Rockwell.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham

APPROVED: April 15th, 1931.
HERBERT HERON....
Mayor of said City

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk
(SEAL)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City hereby certify that the forgoing Ordinance No. 110 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 110 of said City which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting of April 8th, 1931. Passed and Adopted on the fifteenth day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg.
NOES: COUNCILMAN: Rockwell.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham.

I further certify that the above Ordinance No. 110: was thereupon signed by Herbert Heron, Mayor of said City and was duly published in "The Carmelite," issue of April 23, 1931.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

ORDINANCE NO. 111

AN ORDINANCE PROHIBITING ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE WITH RADIO RECEPTION, AND PROVIDING PENALTIES FOR THE VIOLATION OF THIS ORDINANCE.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1: That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, co-partnership, association or corporation knowingly or wantonly to operate or cause to be operated, any machine, device, apparatus, or instrument of any kind whatsoever within the corporate limits of the city of Carmel-By-The-Sea between the hours of 12 o'clock, noon, and 12 o'clock midnight, the operation of which shall cause reasonably preventable electrical interference with radio reception, within said municipal limits; Provided, however, that X-ray pictures, examinations or treatments may be made at any time if the machine or apparatus used therefor are properly equipped to avoid all unnecessary or reasonably preventable interference with radio reception and are not negligently operated.

SECTION 2: That this ordinance shall not be held or construed to embrace or cover the regulation of any transmitting, broadcasting or receiving instrument, apparatus, or device used or useful in interstate commerce or the operation of which instrument, apparatus, or device is licensed or authorized by or under the provisions of any act of the Congress of the United States.

SECTION 3: That every person, co-partnership, association, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the County Jail of Monterey County, for not more than thirty days or both such fines and imprisonment. Each day during which such violation continues shall constitute a separate offense.

SECTION 4: That this ordinance shall take effect and be in full force and effect, thirty days from and after its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 15th day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham

APPROVED: April 15th, 1931.
HERBERT HERON
Mayor of said City.

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk
(SEAL)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 111 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 111 of said City which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting of April 8th, 1931. Passed and Adopted on the fifteenth day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham.

I further certify that the above Ordinance No. 111: was thereupon signed by Herbert Heron, Mayor of said City and was duly published in "The Carmelite," issue of April 23, 1931.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

THE CARMELITE: *Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.* J. A. COUGHLIN, *Editor and Publisher. Entered as second-class matter February* 21, 1928, *at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March* 3, 1879.

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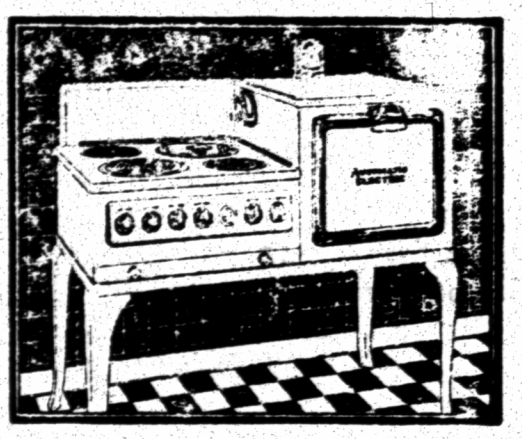

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